

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE INKKEEPER WOULD LIKE TO GIVE SQUIRE FOLEY A BIT OF HIS MIND.

## THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XI.—IN WHICH SQUIRE FOLEY IS TROUBLED IN MIND, AND MR. ASTON SEEKS FOR NEEDLES IN A BUNDLE OF HAY.

MR. ASTON—whom, so long as it is essential to the interests of my story, I shall continue to designate by his assumed name—returned to London the day after his visit to old Matthew Budge's cottage, having, however, according to promise, previously paid the old sexton a second visit, when he repeated his injunction that his return to England should be kept a profound secret.

The arrival and abrupt departure of the ambassador of some great foreign potentate, whose mission was un-

known, could not, comparatively speaking, have created more excitement among the citizens of London than did the unexpected visit and sudden departure of the unknown stranger among the inhabitants of the little village of Fordham.

It was known that the stranger had visited Morton Hall, and had been particular in his inquiries after the old family; also that he had subsequently been seen coming out of the church, and wandering about the churchyard, searching among the tombstones, and that he had twice visited "owd Matthey's cot;" but what was his object in visiting Fordham no one could conceive.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

The innkeeper, however, believed he was some friend of the old squire's who had been long absent in foreign lands, and had never heard of Squire Morton's death, and with respect to his visit to Matthew Budge, it was no uncommon thing for strangers visiting at the mansions of the neighbouring gentry to call and see the old sexton, who was looked upon as the patriarch of the village.

Old Matthew himself was silent on the subject of the stranger's visit. It pleased and gratified the pride of the old man to be the possessor of a secret, which, if divulged, would astonish his neighbours, and create the utmost surprise and consternation at the Hall. Old as he was he looked forward with eager anticipation to the day when the secret should become known, and when he would be able to boast that he had known it all along.

For some days, therefore, the stranger's visit was the general topic of the gossips of the village, and then it was almost forgotten.

A couple of months passed away, and Squire Foley and his family returned to the Hall earlier than had been expected, and not so much gratified with the results of their visit to the metropolis as the old Scotch gardener had anticipated.

To tell the truth, Squire Foley, although one of the largest landed proprietors of the county, lord of the manor of Fordham, and a justice of the peace, had never yet occupied the position of his predecessors—the Mortons. The lord lieutenant of the county patronised him to some extent, simply because he could make him useful when there was any disagreeable work to be done that none of the other magistrates cared to meddle with; but his brother squires, and the two or three baronets whose parks and mansions were situated near Morton Hall (the county is famous for the great number of gentlemen's seats it contains), though generally less wealthy men than himself, barely tolerated him.

In the first place Mr. Foley had, previous to his accession to the Morton Hall estates, been a comparatively poor man, though, as he was a scion of an old and wealthy county family, this fact would have been disregarded, had he not on several occasions displayed a degree of meanness and servility incompatible with his position and his aristocratic pretensions. Even these failings, however, might have been overlooked and forgiven when he took possession of Morton Hall, had he then behaved generously and uprightly—for the possession of wealth covers a multitude of failings in the estimation of the majority of mankind. But it was not in the man's nature to be generous, or upright in his conduct.

No sooner had he taken possession of the estates of the defunct Mortons, than he dismissed the gentleman whose father and grandfather, as well as himself, had, for the greater portion of a century, occupied the position of attorneys and stewards of the property under the Mortons, and employed a new steward, who at once set to work to raise the rents of the numerous farms and cottages on the estates. This man refused to renew or extend leases on the terms by which they had been held in the same families for generations, and, acting under the squire's authority, suppressed nearly all the numerous charities established by his predecessors.

The village schools were closed, the loan and clothing funds abolished, and even the hospitalities for which the Hall had been famed in days gone by were heard of no more. In a word, all the little amenities between each other and their inferiors, which tend to bind the gentry of a county together in the bonds of friendship and good-fellowship, and which cause them to be loved and

respected by their tenants, were forsworn by the new squire.

The Mortons (setting aside their own religious feelings) had held it to be the bounden duty of all landed proprietors to show a good example to their tenantry by appearing, with all the servants that could possibly be spared, in the family pews at the parish church twice on the Sabbath-day; and, though this might sometimes have been but an outward show, the respect shown even to the observances of religion had had a beneficial influence upon themselves and upon the morals of the villagers. Squire Foley was utterly careless in this respect. His family and servants were frequently absent from the church sabbath after sabbath—he himself was rarely present.

Then Squire Foley neither hunted himself nor subscribed to the hunt, and B—shire being a hunting county, this dereliction on his part from what his brother county magnates held to be one of the duties, as well as pleasures, of a country gentleman, served still further to estrange him from his equals in rank, and to lower his dignity in the estimation of his inferiors.

Thus, although he was possessed with an eager, almost cringing, desire to be received on terms of social equality among his compeers, Squire Foley acted in such a manner as to cause them to shrink from him with feelings of scorn and contempt.

The manner, however, in which the "new Squire," as he was still termed, after a lapse of thirty years, had behaved to the orphan daughter of his respected and beloved predecessor, had set the crowning seal upon his demerits in the eyes of those whom he would gladly have made his friends; and there is little doubt, had the young lady herself, or her husband on her behalf after her marriage, made any endeavour to dispute the right of her guardians to withhold her mother's fortune from her, she would have found many friends eager and willing to support her claim with their money as well as their influence.

But Lieutenant Talbot and his wife, after making one formal demand upon Squire Foley, had made no further sign, and had disappeared from the county, and gone none of their former friends knew whither.

It has been already stated that a Morton, of Morton Hall, had represented the county in Parliament from time immemorial, and Squire Foley, on succeeding to the estates, had hoped that this honour would be continued in his own family; but his hope had been vain, and, in spite of coercion brought to bear upon his own tenants, he, and his sons, one after another as they attained to manhood, had invariably been defeated at the hustings, until at length they desisted for very shame from appearing as candidates for the suffrages of the electors of the county.

At length a change took place. The lord-lieutenant heretofore alluded to was a needy, grasping nobleman, whose chief object in life was to increase the amount of his rent-roll, diminished through the extravagance of his ancestors; and, whether in recognition of some service secretly rendered by his sycophant, or whether in return for a loan of money, I am unable to say—public opinion was divided at the time on this point—but assuredly as a reward for some service rendered, for his lordship was not generous without an object, secret influences were set at work, and, in defiance of a fierce opposition, the squire's eldest son was declared duly elected as one of the representatives of the county in the House of Commons.

Squire Foley now believed that he had gained his end, in spite of the scorn and contempt of his haughty

neighbours. As the father of a county member, supported by the representative of an ancient peerage, Mr. Foley fancied that he, in his turn, would be able to look down upon his brother squires, and retaliate upon them some portion of the scorn and contumely with which he had been treated by them, or—as he would rather had occurred—that his proud and scornful neighbours would now forget the past and treat him as their equal. Hence the journey to London a month earlier than usual, and hence the absence of the family from the Hall on the occasion of Mr. Aston's visit.

Squire Foley, in fact, had taken a house for the season in one of the fashionable squares, resolved for once, in honour of the occasion, to make a display regardless of expense.

He had great hopes of his son and heir, who really was a clever youth, and had acquitted himself very creditably at Oxford University, and was believed to be the genius of the family. They looked forward to his attaining to high honours as a statesman, and hoped that in course of time he would be offered—and certainly, in such case, would accept—the coronet which it was said had more than once been declined by members of the elder branch of the family.

Alas for their full-blown anticipations! Young Foley was unseated, on an election petition, for bribery. The exasperation of the squire may be better conceived than described, and it was increased when he found that, in spite of his ostentatious display, and his earnest endeavours to thrust himself into society, his proffered friendship was spurned in London, as it had been in the country, by those whose intimacy he wished to secure. Friends he could find in abundance; but they were not the friends he sought; and thus, in shame, rage, and disgust, he gave up the mansion he had hired in the fashionable square in London, and returned to Morton Hall, long before the season had expired, and two months earlier than he had been expected.

The tenants of the Morton Hall estates, including all the inhabitants of the village of Fordham, though not, as a rule, great readers of the newspapers, had heard some inkling of the manner in which the new member for the county had been received in Parliament, and had listened, or read, with none of the indignation usually felt by a tenantry whose landlord or family have been disgraced. They had nothing to say particularly against young Master William; but they disliked his father, and several of the village gossips averred that the prediction they had uttered long ago was coming to pass, and that "T' squire 'ud come to shâame yet, for t' way he treated poor Miss Mary."

Squire Foley and his family returned to Fordham. But there were none of the rejoicings that had taken place in olden times, when the Mortons returned to the Hall after a long absence. The yeomanry did not ride forth to escort them home through the village from the neighbouring town. There was no merry peal of the old parish church-bells; no triumphal arches of evergreens were erected; no banners floated in the air; no cheers were heard; no crowd of humbler tenants assembled in their best attire to greet them as they entered the park gates, and to send audible blessings after them, as they had often assembled in times gone by to greet their landlord on his return home after a long absence, and to be invited themselves to partake of the good cheer abundantly provided for them in the Hall. But silently and sadly, as though it had been a funeral hearse, the huge family travelling carriage rolled through the quiet village to the Hall beyond, where hired menials alone were awaiting their master's return.

Ah! well indeed might many who watched the huge vehicle, as it rolled heavily and silently by, repeat the words of old Matthew Budge, and cry—

"Ay! times be changed i' Fordham sin' t' owd family wor at th' Briers!"

Scarcely, however, had Mr. Foley returned to his country seat, ere he discovered a fresh cause for disquietude.

Of late years he had sought to acquire a sort of cheap popularity among his humbler tenants, by visiting them at their cottages, and chatting condescendingly with them over the affairs of the village; and, on the morning after his return, he walked into the village with a view to ascertain the opinion of his tenantry respecting the treatment his son had received in Parliament. In the first place, however, he called, upon the landlord of the Wheatsheaf; and, to his surprise, was asked whether his honour had met the strange gentleman who had come to Fordham to see Squire Morton, who had been dead thirty years.

"A stranger come to Fordham to see Mr. Morton!" exclaimed the squire. "Strange, indeed! What was the stranger's name?"

"Aston, sir—Henry Aston. At least, that was the name on the gentleman's portmanteau." And then the landlord went on to tell how the stranger had visited the Briers, and the church and churchyard, and had returned to the inn sorely disappointed, and how he had told him (the landlord) that he had known the Mortons in his boyhood, and had been absent from England ever since, and had never heard of the death of the old squire and his sons, and how he had inquired after several people who had formerly lived in the village and neighbourhood, and had gone to see old Matthew Budge, and had called again to visit the old sexton, before he departed for London.

"What description of person was this stranger?" asked Mr. Foley, when he had heard the landlord's story.

"A tall, stout gentleman, of near sixty, I should say, sir," replied the innkeeper.

"Strange that an old friend of the Mortons should have remained so long ignorant of the death of the old gentleman and his sons," said Mr. Foley.

"He was very particular in inquiring after the old squire's daughter, Miss Mary Morton, sir," continued the innkeeper.

"What could *you* tell him of Miss Morton? What could *you* know of the young lady?" asked Mr. Foley, sharply, and almost angrily.

"I know nothing, your honour, and so I told him," replied the innkeeper, deferentially, "so he went to see old Matthey—"

"Of course *you* sent him, or he wouldn't have known anything of the old gossip. I dislike very much this practice of strangers going to visit the old fellow, as if there was anything very wonderful in an old man living to become a hundred years of age. The old man makes mischief with his absurd gossip, for he hasn't full possession of his faculties, and doesn't know what he is saying. I'd dispossess him of the cottage and send him to the poorhouse but for his great age. I very much wonder that *you* haven't better sense than to be always talking about him to strangers."

"The gentleman particularly asked, sir, whether there was any one living in Fordham who was living here forty year ago," replied the innkeeper; but the squire had turned away without even saying "Good morning," and was walking back to the village.

"Dispossess the old man!" muttered the innkeeper, as

he looked after him. "It's more than you've any right to do, *and if you did*, old Matthey needn't go to the parish. I'll speak as I like to my guests; and, if you weren't my landlord—more's the pity—I'd tell you a bit o' my mind. There's something wrong somewhere, I guess, or you wouldn't be always so crusty."

Squire Foley called in at several cottages in the village, and heard from all the tenants that a stranger, whom no one had seen before, had visited the Briers during his absence; and, on his way home, he looked in upon old Matthew Budge, with whom he chatted familiarly for some time, and then observed, carelessly—

"So, I hear that a stranger has visited the village during my absence in London, Matthew. Came to see the old family who used to live at the Hall, they tell me. Strange, if it be true. I hear that he called twice to see you?"

"He gave me two gowd guineas, yer honour," replied the old sexton.

"And asked you to tell him all you knew of the village and the old family, I dare say?"

"Ay, yer honour; he ax'd a power o' questions, surely; but I moind little now whatten folks says—oi be so owd. My mem'ry be clean gone."

"He told you his name, I presume?"

"Ay, squire; he said his nāame wor summat."

"Aston—was that it?"

"Ay, oi think thatten wor th' nāame, squire."

"And he asked you about the old family? About Miss Mary, particularly?"

"He moight, an' then agin he moightn't, yer honour. My mem'ry be very bad."

"Do you recollect any person of the name of Aston? Any person or any family that lived hereabouts, or used to visit at the Hall in former days?"

"No, squire; oi canna say as oi ever heerd o' th' nāame afore."

Nothing further could be got from old Matthew, and Mr. Foley returned to the Hall in no very good humour.

Before he entered the house he encountered the gardener, whom he also questioned about the stranger's visit.

"I understand, Sanderson," he said, "that a stranger called at the Hall to inquire after the Mortons on the day my family and myself left for London."

"Did your honour no see him in Lunnun?" answered the gardener, with another question.

"I did not. But I asked you whether a stranger visited the Hall: I did not bid you to question me."

"Weel, your honour, gin I remember richt, a gentle did ca' at the Ha'. He just speered o' me about the auld times till I thoct he wasna' a'thegether richt in his head. But ye mun ken he'd been lang awa', and may be he had na haired o' the deeth o' th' auld squire and his bairns."

"What sort of man was this stranger?"

"Ow, sir, just an ordinair, douce, ceevil-spoken body, weel on tae saxty year auld, I suld say."

"Hem! Did he make any remark when you told him that the estates had changed owners thirty years ago?"

"Na, your honour; nane that I mind the noo. He turned as pale as a ghaist, and seemed o'ercoom for awhile, an' when he cam' roun' he just speered a wheen questions o' myself aboot the Morton folk and then gaed awa' till the Ha', and had a crack wi' t' auld housekeeper body, whilk is just a' I ken o' the matter."

From the deaf old housekeeper Mr. Foley could obtain no more satisfactory information, and he retired to his study, and went thence to the dinner table in an unusually thoughtful mood.

Mr. William Foley was still in London; the squire's second son, George, was abroad with his regiment; and his younger children had gone back to school or college; so that his only companions at the dinner table were his wife, and his eldest and favourite daughter—a young lady of sixteen years.

The squire was somewhat of an autocrat in the bosom of his family. His wife and daughter saw that he was annoyed, but dared not to question him as to the cause of his annoyance, and even if they had questioned him he would have been unable to answer them. He knew not himself the cause of his anxiety, though he felt a presentiment of some approaching trouble to which he was unable to give shape or form.

The brief visit of the unknown stranger to Fordham seemed to him like a warning from the tomb, and recalled, unpleasantly, almost forgotten memories of the past. He said nothing, however, respecting his anxiety until the evening, when he and his wife were alone together. Then he inquired abruptly—

"Jane, have you ever known, or do you recollect, any person of the name of Aston?—Henry Aston?"

"I can remember no such name among the persons of my acquaintance, my dear," replied Mrs. Foley, who was a slight, fragile, weakly woman, fond of her ease, and very good-tempered—a woman who would very probably have been liked by her neighbours and respected and loved by the poor of the village, but for the animosity they bore to her husband.

"I have been thinking to-day," continued Mr. Foley, apparently entering upon an entirely different topic, "of that poor, misguided girl, Mary Morton, who married that sailor fellow—Talbot. I wonder what has become of them?"

Mrs. Foley sighed, though she wondered to hear her husband speak compassionately of Mary Morton, whose name, in fact, she did not remember to have heard him mention for years.

Though completely subservient to her husband, she had at the time of the marriage, and indeed ever since, felt a sincere pity for Mary, though she had not dared to show her sympathy. Had she had the courage to do so, she would have besought her husband to restore to the young lady the legacy which he had, in her opinion, unjustly and cruelly withheld from her; and now that he himself had spoken of the young lady, she replied—

"Perhaps poor Mary—perhaps both she and her husband—are dead, my dear; for it is strange that we have heard nothing of them for years. Perhaps, William, they have left children in poverty. I think, my dear, if you wish it, and proper inquiries were instituted, we might find out something about them. If they should be in poverty or trouble, or if she or her husband be dead, and have left children behind them, unprovided for, perhaps, if we were to seek them out, it might be better for ourselves, better for—our own children, William."

Of all things Squire Foley hated any allusion to the failure of his ambitious hopes, or to the unfortunate result of the late effort he had made to exalt his social position in the estimation of his brother magistrates.

"Jane," he angrily replied, "how can you talk so absurdly? Never let me hear you utter such nonsense again—never. As to Mary Talbot, I did no more than my duty. I acted, as I was bound to act, in accordance with her mother's will. As she has made her bed, so must she lie upon it. Still, if I thought she, or her children, if she have any—I fancy she had one child when last we heard of her—if I thought they were in distress, and knew where to find them, I would assist them, but purely out of pity, nothing more."

Poor Mrs. Foley was silenced, and her husband did not again allude to the subject. For some time, however, his moodiness and disquietude continued; but as weeks and months passed away, and nothing came of the stranger's mysterious visit to Fordham, he recovered his usual spirits, and matters resumed their customary course at Morton Hall.

When Mr. Aston quitted Fordham after his brief and unsatisfactory visit, he returned to London, and had an interview with a lawyer; and from that time he was for several months unceasing in his efforts to discover whether the daughter of the late Edward Morton, of Morton Hall, B—shire, as he invariably spoke of his sister to strangers, was still living; and probably, had he been guided by the advice of the lawyer who assisted him in his researches, his efforts would have been crowned with success. But, in his determination to preserve the secret of his return to England, the measures he took were of little avail, and would perhaps have failed, even had they become known to the objects of his search.

He objected to advertise, or rather he refused to permit the names of the persons he sought to be made public, and thus the advertisements might have been passed over, even if seen by those most interested in them.

Even the lawyer himself was ignorant of the real object of his employer, though he suspected that there was some secret involved in the search, only to be divulged in the event of the discovery of the persons sought after.

But, though every town and village in Great Britain or Ireland in which any persons of the names of Talbot or Jenkins were known to live, or to have lived, were visited, either by Mr. Aston himself or his agents, and though many Talbots and hundreds of Jenkinsses were found, strange to say the Talbots who had lived for so many years in the little secluded Wiltshire village were somehow or other overlooked.

Mr. Aston, on searching the navy lists for many years back, discovered that a Lieutenant Talbot had voluntarily resigned his commission some eighteen or twenty years before, but he could learn nothing respecting this officer's subsequent career. Those who had once been the lieutenant's shipmates, or brother officers, were either dead or scattered, and it was quite uncertain whether the lieutenant himself were living or dead.

"Advertise, my dear sir, for information respecting Lieutenant Talbot, formerly of the Royal Navy, stating the date at which he retired from the service, and offering a reward for any information respecting himself, or respecting his widow or children, if he be dead and they are still living, and take my word for it, you will soon discover something about them," said the lawyer.

But by acting upon this advice Mr. Aston would, he fancied, jeopardise his secret. The Foleys might suspect something, and discover that the true heir to the estates they held in possession was still living and in England; and, anxious as he was to discover his relatives, if they were living, he obstinately adhered to the whim he had formed, not to disclose the fact of his existence and return to England, until he considered that the proper time had arrived.

He therefore continued to pursue his secret and far more troublesome and costly search, until at length he was overtaken by illness, and compelled, at least for awhile, to desist.

He had, as I have said, suffered some internal in-

jury at the time of his shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall, of which he had been unaware until some weeks afterwards, and which, though it was not of a very serious nature, had rendered him liable to sudden prostration after any extraordinary exertion. In the eagerness of his researches he neglected several warnings, until he at length became so ill that he was obliged to take to his bed; and when, after some weeks' illness, he became convalescent, he hesitated whether to renew a search which appeared hopeless, or to return forthwith to America. He decided upon the latter course, but his medical advisers interfered and declared that he needed absolute repose of mind and body for some months. The discomforts of a sea-voyage, they said, would tend to retard his recovery, and might bring about a relapse, though the sea air itself would be beneficial to him. They therefore recommended him to take up his residence somewhere on the sea coast for the remainder of the season, and as, notwithstanding his previous decision, he was still reluctant to leave England while a hope remained of his discovering the objects of his search, he listened to his doctor's advice, and bethought him of his Cornish friends, to whom he had promised to write; but whom he had, in his busy occupation, almost forgotten.

A few days after he came to this decision, Mr. Sinclair received the following letter:—

"London, June —, 18—.

"REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,—When, more than five months ago, I quitted your hospitable roof, I promised to write to you from London. I have, however, been so busily occupied in what has hitherto proved a fruitless research, that I have neglected everything besides.

"I have just risen from a sick-bed to which I have been for some weeks confined; but though I had almost resolved to give up my search and return to my children in America, my medical advisers forbid me to undertake the voyage until I am perfectly restored to health. They recommend me, however, to take up my residence for a few months by the sea side, and I have therefore decided upon revisiting my kind friends at St. David.

"Will you permit me to tax your friendship so far as to request you to look out for a comfortable residence in or near your pleasant village?

"When I left St. David there was a pretty cottage near the rectory, untenanted. I mean the cottage in which—as I was told—a Captain King, of the Royal Navy, formerly resided. If that cottage is still unoccupied, it will suit me exactly. The rent is of no consequence. I can purchase furniture in Falmouth; and if you can recommend me three good servants—a man and two women—I fancy that I can make a snug bachelor's hall of the place. In that case, it is not impossible, if I can settle my affairs in America satisfactorily, that I may send for my boy and girl, and 'fix' myself—as my Yankee friends would say—for good in England. However, I cannot yet decide upon that question.

"Please let me know, as soon as possible, whether I can have the cottage to which I allude, or any other decent residence in or near the village. If your reply is favourable, I shall probably be at St. David at the end of another fortnight.

"I am too feeble to write more just now, so I shall keep all else that I have to say until I see you.

"With kind regards, therefore, to Miss Wardour, Doctor Pendriggen, and Mr. Sharpe, believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"HENRY ASTON.

"Rev. A. Sinclair, St. David, Cornwall."

## THE TALMUD.

MANY people do not know what the Talmud is, and some may be like him of whom we are told in the "Quarterly Review," that he thought the Talmud was a Jewish rabbi. It is not a rabbi, but a book, which ancient rabbis compiled, and which modern rabbis hold in very high esteem. There is a well-known sentence in one of the Jewish books which says, "The Scripture is like water, the Mishnah like wine, and the Talmud like spiced wine;" the meaning of which is, that the Scripture is good, but that the traditions of the elders are very much better. Thus in the Synagogue, as in the Church of Rome, the fathers and tradition are honoured at the expense of the inspired writers. It is as it was when our Lord said, "In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men;" and "Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition."

The Talmud must not be confounded with the Targums, which are a kind of version of Old Testament books, whereas the Talmud is a collection of the opinions of ancient Jewish doctors on all sorts of subjects, secular as well as sacred. The foundation of the Talmud, or traditional law of the Jews, is called the Mishnah, which consists of six parts, arranged under different headings. The first part, entitled "Seeds," commences with a chapter on prayers or blessings, and then goes on to treat of tithes and gifts, the Sabbatical year, the prohibition of mingled seeds and materials, and other matters. The second part, on feasts, treats of Sabbaths and holy days, and the ceremonies and sacrifices which belong to them. The third part, on "Women," is occupied about betrothal, marriage, divorce, vows, etc. The fourth part, on "Damages" or "Injuries," deals with sundry legal and commercial questions, idolatry, witnesses and punishments, moral maxims, etc. The fifth part, "Sacred Things," treats of sacrifices, the first-born, the temple, and various matters of ritual. The last part, on "Purifications," touches upon a host of topics connected with things clean and unclean.

It will be seen at once that the Mishnah is not for general reading, so much as a book of reference for the priests and doctors. But the Mishnah is not the whole of the Talmud. There is the Gemara, which bears some resemblance to a commentary, but is in fact a collection of sayings and opinions, including stories of the most extraordinary kind. Some of the lesser sections of the Mishnah have no Gemara or commentary, though most of them have, in one or other of the two forms in which the Talmud exists. These two forms of the Talmud are called the Jerusalem and the Babylonian, because one appeared in Palestine and the other in Babylonia.

The Mishnah was completed early in the third century after Christ, by rabbi Judah, surnamed the Holy. After the Mishnah came the Gemaras. The first, that of Jerusalem, was really compiled at Tiberias, about the close of the fourth century; and the second, or that of Babylonia, was drawn up at Syra, in Babylonia, a few years later, though not completed till the end of the fifth century. It is not possible to say what alterations have been made in these writings since then, under Christian influence or otherwise, but they do not now exist in complete form. And no wonder; for few books have been persecuted more than the Talmud, as no people have been more persecuted than the Jews.

The learned writer in the "Quarterly Review," (Oct. 1867), to whose article we have already alluded, says of the Talmud: "Ever since it existed—almost before it existed in a palpable shape—it has been treated much

like a human being. It has been proscribed, and imprisoned, and burnt, a hundred times over. From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella, down to Clement VIII and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls, and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book. Thus, within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale, by the waggon-load. Julius III issued his proclamation against what he grotesquely calls the 'Gemarothe Talmud,' in 1553 and 1555, Paul IV in 1559," (when it is said 2,000 copies were burnt), "Pius V in 1566, Clement VIII in 1592 and 1599. The fear of it was great indeed. Even Pius IV, in giving permission for a new edition, stipulated expressly that it should appear without the name Talmud." The mention of the popes' permitting a new edition, reminds us that although the work was printed correctly at first, the inquisitors afterwards took care to sift it, and to alter it where it seemed hostile to Christianity. They could not altogether destroy it, and so they tried to correct it. This is much to be regretted, as few even among Hebrew scholars can have access to the earliest complete edition, printed at Venice in thirteen volumes, 1520—1523.

It is really a matter of surprise that a work so large and so much persecuted should have been preserved through above a thousand years in manuscript. The Jews appear to have early copied and circulated it, so that if it was destroyed in one place, it was safe in another. And then, under the Mohammedan rule, the Jews were often favoured, and encouraged to pursue their studies. In Spain, for instance, this was the case; and the Talmud was copied, and translated and expounded there, by learned Jews during several centuries. Eminent Hebrew scholars settled in the south of France, and there also the Talmud, though persecuted by the Romish Church, was still studied. In Italy, too, the Jews found a lodgment at various points, and we have seen that Venice was the place where the whole Talmud was first printed. Whatever befel, the Bible, the Targums, and Talmud were the inseparable companions of the Jew, whether in prosperity or adversity.

The reader of the New Testament will remember the allusions to the honour in which the Jews held the opinions and even the idle fictions of their ancestors and their teachers. In fact, a body of traditions had already grown up, and was regarded with veneration. These traditions and stories went on increasing, and the love for them continued. When, therefore, they came to be embalmed in the written volumes of the Mishnah and Gemara, they were a source from which the teachers of the people derived both authority and information. With the loss of their national existence, and of an authorised government able to rule, the Talmud became of immense importance. It amplified and decided the meaning of the written law, and, claiming a sacred character, it could be appealed to in all cases of difficulty. On these and other accounts the Jews clung to it with wonderful tenacity, as they do to this day. They would listen to the "fathers," when they would scarcely heed a living teacher, without their authority to back him.

But, apart from all external considerations, there are reasons in the Talmud itself why it should be studied, not only by the Jew but by the Christian. It contains the collective thoughts of many men of different ages

and countries, upon a multitude of subjects, and scraps of information not to be found elsewhere, much of it both curious and useful. We can learn from it what the Jews of the ages before and after Christ thought of many portions of the Old Testament, and how they reasoned on philosophy, science, politics, and religion. We hear them speaking again in their peculiar style. We have their very words, as well as their ideas; and it requires but little imagination to picture the living Hillel or Gamaliel of the times of Christ. It is possible to compare their words and sayings, as well as their modes of thought, with much that we find in our New Testament; and if we do this, we shall encounter curious and startling analogies. It will be seen that in the New Testament we are in company with men of the same race and period, and that our Lord and his apostles used very much the same words and imagery as the rabbis, though they adapted them to higher and more spiritual ends. Nay, some of the better utterances of the Talmud correspond with some striking passages in the Christian Scriptures. The writer in the "Quarterly" says, "Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudical writings." The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, 'among Jews, by Jews, for Jews,' cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form, and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many more vital points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realize; for such terms as 'redemption,' 'baptism,' 'grace,' 'faith,' 'salvation,' 'regeneration,' 'Son of man,' 'Son of God,' 'kingdom of heaven,' were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning."

It would be certainly an error to say that Christianity invented the terms just mentioned; but it would be no less an error to say that the Talmudists invented them, or more than one or two of them, for they are nearly all to be found in the Old Testament. However, it is curious to notice the frequent mention of "baptism" as a religious ceremony, in the Talmud. But Mr. Deutsch, the writer of the article in the "Quarterly Review," goes on to mention the Talmudical condemnation of lip-service and other abuses, which we also find in the Old Testament. The most remarkable example, perhaps, quoted by him, is "that grand dictum, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by,'" which, he says, was spoken by Hillel, who died ten years after the birth of Christ, "not as anything new, but as an old and well-known dictum that comprised the whole law." The law said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Lev. xix. 18); and an apocryphal book said, "Do to no man that which thou hatest;" and Hillel's words were, "Thou shalt not do to thy neighbour that which is hateful to thyself, for this is the whole law." The least we can say is that the words of Tobit come nearer to those of Hillel than the words of Christ, which are far more comprehensive and emphatic than either.

With regard to many of the resemblances between the Talmud and the New Testament, we have no difficulty; they represent modes of thought and forms of speech which were common among the pious Jews before and after the time of our Lord. There are other resemblances which infidels and sceptics have caught at, under the notion that the New Testament is indebted to the Talmud. A moment's reflection will generally set us

right, if we but remember that the Mishnah was not composed till long after the New Testament, and the Gemara at a still later period. It is more likely that the Talmudists imitated portions of the New Testament, than that the evangelists and apostles imitated the sayings and stories current among the Jews.\* Whatever view we take, such similarities are incidental proofs of the genuineness of the Christian Scriptures.

The excellence of many of the moral and religious maxims of the Talmud is beyond all dispute, and they might be quoted as interesting illustrations of the manner in which the teachings of the Old Testament influenced the Jewish mind. Even heathen writings supply us with admirable precepts and sentiments; but the Hebrews were far in advance of them, as might be expected, from their writings being divinely inspired. Bearing in mind that the Jewish Scriptures were the professed foundation of sacred studies among the rabbis, we shall look in their writings for a clear statement of leading doctrines. Nor shall we be disappointed; for while, as on moral questions, there is foolish and idle speculation, there are also utterances of the truest and grandest principles. Happily, the men who rejected the Gospel of Christ, and perverted some of the more spiritual teachings of the Old Testament, retained not a few of the lessons which had been given by divine revelation. So that while the Talmud only reflects faithfully some portions of the ancient law, and distorts others, there are many things in it to which a Christian can turn with pleasure.

Of the "scientific" and "philosophical" parts of the Talmud, its grotesque legends, and its laborious trifling, this is not the place to speak. But, multifarious and heterogeneous as are its contents, it is a book which is interesting to us, and of immense importance to the Jew. As our readers will have already inferred, it throws light upon the views and habits of the Jews before and after Christ, and it may serve to illustrate some things in the New Testament. This is why it interests us; but to the Jew the Mishnah is the "Oral Law" which Moses taught, and was handed down by word of mouth from age to age until it was written. He therefore views it as of divine authority; while the Gemara is scarcely, if at all, less revered as embodying the opinions and collective wisdom of the fathers. "The Talmud," says a modern Jew, "is a complete system of all our learning, and a comprehensive rule of all the practical parts of our laws and religion."

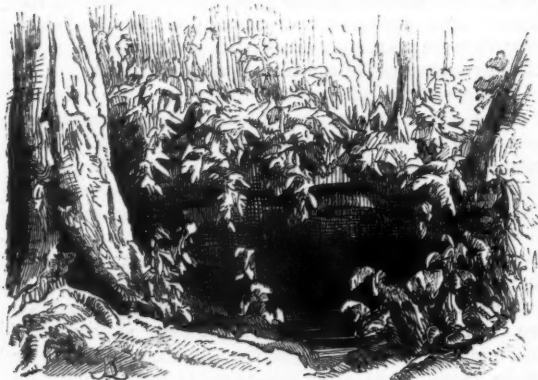
## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

### CHAPTER I.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the last lineal descendant of a Quaker family, who are supposed to have left England and settled in America under the auspices of William Penn. Little is known of his ancestors beyond the fact that they were a hardy race who fought with adverse circumstances in the forest and the wilderness, and trusted solely to their own energy and perseverance to conquer the difficulties that lay in their path. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was living in Kentucky, at a spot which was then a part of Hardin county, and distant about seven miles from Elizabeth Town, the county-seat. Our artist, who was employed to illustrate

\* In our hearing, lately, when a sceptical Jew was urged with the doctrinal clearness of the Talmud on some great points, he immediately replied that the Talmud was not written till long after the Gospel was everywhere published, and that no doubt the rabbis learned very much from Christianity, which they so far imitated in self-defence. We think there is, at least, a nucleus of truth in this suggestion.

a biography published in the United States, went to see his birthplace, but found no house remaining. The spot where it stood was pointed out to him. He saw also a spring from which the farm, Rockspring, took its



ROCKSPRING,

From which the farm where Lincoln was born took its name.

name. Here, in 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. Of his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, few memorials remain; she had two other children—a daughter, born in 1807, who grew to womanhood and was married, but died shortly after; and a second son, born in 1811, who died in childhood; she is said to have been a woman possessing rare qualities of mind and heart.

There seemed to be but a poor chance for the education of young Lincoln. His parents were too poor to make much effort for his instruction, being engaged in the constant struggle to draw a subsistence from the soil. When they failed in one place they had to remove to another; and wherever they went they found little but hard work before them, while in those days there were no available schools at which children could be educated. Occasionally a teacher would settle in the

such wandering instructors, one of whom was a Roman Catholic; he derived little learning from both of them—the result of his studies at the age of seven being little more than the ability to read with tolerable fluency. Up to this age he had never seen even the exterior of any building set apart for religious worship, the religious services he attended being held either in some private dwelling, or log school-house, unless they took place in the open air.

In the year 1816, before the young Abraham was eight years old, his father, finding that affairs were not going on satisfactorily in Kentucky, and not relishing, it is conjectured, the increase of slavery in that state, resolved to remove to Indiana. In the autumn of that year, therefore, he packed all his goods into a waggon, in which he placed his wife and daughter, while himself



SITE OF BIRTHPLACE.

and young Abe followed on foot, driving before them their one indispensable cow, and accompanied by their constant guardian the household dog. They had to journey through woods and pathless plains for several days, in order to reach the spot where they would be able to cross the "Beautiful River"—their progress being necessarily slow, in conformity with the powers of the single draught horse who had to struggle with his



HOUSE NEAR GENTRYVILLE.

district for a time, accepting such remuneration, in money or in kind, for his services, as parents were in a condition to pay. Young Lincoln had the benefit of two

ponderous load along the untried route. There was nothing in this, however, to daunt the travellers; they were only doing as others had to do in like circum-

stances, and in all probability never dreamed of complaining. On reaching the ferry on the Ohio, they embarked their caravan in a flat-bottomed boat, and ultimately settled on the Indiana side, at a spot near where the town of Gentryville at present stands. Here

formed his share of the hard work. He learned to wield the axe and to hold the plough. He became inured to all the duties of seed-time and harvest. "On many a day during every one of those thirteen years, this Kentucky boy might have been seen with a long goad



ANDERSON CREEK FERRY, NEAR TROY, INDIANA.

they discovered a spring of wholesome water, and here accordingly they set about building the log-cabin which was to be their home during many of the coming years.

Young as he was, little Abe had to work in the building of the family home; but he was active and strong for his years, and, above all, willing at all times

in his hand driving his father's team in the field, or from the woods with a heavy draught, or on the rough path to the mill, the store, or the river landing. He was specially an adept at felling trees, and acquired a muscular strength in which he was equalled by few." As a sportsman he was less skilled. A vigorous constitution,



THE LINCOLN HOME IN ILLINOIS.

to exert himself to the utmost. Then the land had to be cleared so that grain might be sown for their common support; and in this arduous labour the boy became early inured to the realities of a pioneer's life, while he gained insensibly a spirit of self-reliance and learned to think lightly of any opposition that might be overcome. The next thirteen years of Abraham Lincoln's life were passed on this spot in working diligently under his father's eye. In 1818, when he was scarcely ten years old, his mother died, and a year or two later his father married again. As the boy grew old enough to take an active part in the labours of cultivation he manfully per-

and a cheerful unrepining disposition, made all his labours comparatively light. To him the excitement of his pursuits was a compensation for the hardships they entailed; and he could derive enjoyment from the severest lot. The "dignity of labour," which is with demagogues such hollow cant, became to him a true and cherished reality. Here, as in Kentucky, he occasionally went to school, but for want of any systematic instruction, added but little to his stock of learning. It is said that if all the time which Abraham Lincoln ever spent at school were summed up it would hardly amount to more than a single year; thus, for all the acquired

knowledge that he possessed, and which made him what he afterwards became, he was indebted almost solely to his own unaided exertions. As a youth he read with avidity any instructive work that he could obtain, often poring over books in the winter evenings, when candles were considered too costly a luxury, by the mere light of the blazing hearth-fire. Once, in his eagerness to acquire knowledge, young Lincoln borrowed of a neighbouring settler a copy of Weems' "Life of Washington"—the only one accessible in the district. Before he had done with it, he laid it inadvertently in the window; a rainstorm came on, and the book got so drenched as to be nearly worthless. Grieved at what had happened, the lad took the book to its owner, and, acknowledging his neglect, offered to "work out" the value of the book, not having money enough to pay for it. "Well, Abe," said the owner, "I won't be hard on you. Come over and pull fodder for me for two days, and we will call our accounts even." The offer was accepted, and thus the debt was paid. The anecdote is characteristic, and worth noting as showing the stuff that Lincoln was made of.

Leading a life that must have been half seclusion in the wilds, and reading at the same time of the deeds that make history, it was inevitable that the young man should entertain the desire to see a little more of the world. When he was about nineteen this longing was gratified by an excursion which he made to New Orleans. In order to make the journey, and see the world, he engaged himself as a "flat-boatman," and, as one of a rather rough crew, floated down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and so on to New Orleans. In the voyage he distinguished himself by his great muscular strength and his invariable good-humour.

It was about this period that Lincoln left his home at Gentryville, on one occasion with a drove of hogs to sell at the market town of Troy, on the Ohio (not an easy task—fifteen miles of bad roads, through gully, creek, and forest). After disposing of his stock, he engaged with a Mr. John Taylor to work about his farm and take charge of a ferry-boat that conveyed people or goods across the creek, at a salary of seven dollars per month and his board. He remained there nine months. Our artist had the story from Mr. Taylor's son, who is a respectable man, holding the same farm, and remembers Lincoln well.

The scenes in which Abraham Lincoln passed his youth are thus described in the "Reminiscences of the Hon. O. H. Smith." The sketch presents us with some strange social conditions worth bearing in mind in connection with the after-career of the great statesman. "The whole middle, north, and north-west portions of Indiana were an unbroken wilderness in possession of the Indians. . . . There were no public roads, no bridges over any of the streams. The traveller had literally to swim his way. No cultivated farms, no houses to shelter or feed the weary wayfarer on his jaded horse. The courts of law were held in log huts, and the juries sat under the shade of the forest trees. I was prosecuting attorney at the time of the trials at the falls of Fall Creek, where Pendleton now stands. Four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment which I had prepared upon his knee: there was not a petit-juror that had shoes on—all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side knives used by the hunter. The products of the country consisted of peltries, the wild game killed in the forest by

the Indian hunters, the fish caught in the interior lakes, rivers, and creeks, the pawpaw, wild plum, haws, small berries gathered by the squaws in the woods. The travel was confined to the single horse and his rider, the commerce to the pack-saddle, and the navigation to the Indian canoe. Many a time have I crossed our swollen streams, by day and by night, sometimes swimming my horse, and at others paddling the rude bark canoe of the Indian."

Amidst such surroundings the young Lincoln grew up to the verge of manhood. Trained in habits of sobriety, and accustomed to regular daily labour, he was a worthy example to the working man of his class. By the time he was twenty years old he had become a Saul among his fellows, having reached the height of nearly six feet four inches; and he was as remarkable for his mental shrewdness and moral integrity as for his physical proportions and muscular power.

In the year 1830, Thomas Lincoln, attracted by the reports of the fruitful soil of Illinois, left his home in Indiana and proceeded thither, and, pushing forward to the central part of the State, made choice of a location in the Sangamon valley, about ten miles from the town of Decatur. He was, of course, accompanied by his son, and it was at this settlement that Abraham Lincoln earned for himself the title of "rail-splitter," which clung to him through life, though it does not appear that he ever worked at rail-splitting after his one signal exploit. It being necessary to enclose a piece of land for immediate cultivation, the task was allotted to young Abe, who set about it with his usual vigour, and by the aid of a single assistant accomplished it with unprecedented rapidity, plying the maul and wedge from dawn to dark, and splitting no less than three thousand rails for the purpose.

In 1831 Abraham became of age, and quitting his father, who had now a rising family by his second wife, assumed his independence, and began life on his own account. The elder Lincoln about the same time removed to Coles county in the upper waters of the Kaskaskia, where he finally settled down, and spent the remainder of his life, dying at an advanced age in 1851. While young Lincoln was casting about for any opportunity of earning a living, he fell in with a man who was beating up for a crew to help him in a flat-boat voyage down the Mississippi. Knowing that Lincoln had made such a trip before, the man was anxious to secure his services, and Lincoln, who saw nothing better before him, having no other capital than his labour, and yielding perhaps to his innate preference for exciting adventure, at once accepted the proposal made to him. When he set out to fulfil his engagement, the spring floods had so swollen the streams that the Sangamon country was a vast sea, and he had to reach the place of rendezvous in a canoe. His employer being disappointed in obtaining the boat in which the proposed voyage was to be made, there was nothing left for the party of navigators but to build one—a business which all hands set about without delay and soon brought to a successful conclusion. Then they set forth on their long trip, in the course of which young Lincoln made himself doubly welcome, distinguishing himself not only by his alacrity and personal prowess, but also by constant cheerfulness and a characteristic humour which turned the severest labour into pastime.

After a successful voyage to New Orleans, and a return by the same route, the captain of the expedition, who was about establishing himself in business in New Salem, and who had had a good opportunity of judging of the character of young Lincoln, offered him a post in

the new enterprise in which he was about to embark. The young man accepted the offer without hesitation, and at once became clerk to a store-keeper and miller—keeping a watchful eye upon both departments of the business, and performing his duties with his characteristic thoroughness. He continued in this post about twelve months, when his duties were brought to an abrupt close by the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, in which he at once resolved to bear a part.

The noted "Black Hawk," better known to Americans than to English readers, was an old chief of the Sac tribe of Indians; who were bound by treaty to remain on the west side of the Mississippi, leaving the land formerly owned by the tribe on the eastern side, to the undisputed possession of the whites. The old warrior, however, had thought fit to repudiate the treaty, and had re-crossed the river with his women and children, and an army of Sac warriors, together with allies from the Kicapoo and Pottawatomie nations. His intention was to take possession of his old hunting-grounds, and re-establish the ancient rights of his tribe. The Indians began operations by plundering the property of the white settlers, destroying their crops, pulling down their fences, driving off and slaughtering their cattle, and ordering the settlers themselves to leave, under penalty of being massacred. The whites, under General Gaines, marched a small force against them, and Black Hawk was driven back and compelled to sue for peace, which was accorded, and again the rights of both parties were settled by treaty. No sooner, however, was the force of the whites withdrawn and disbanded, than Black Hawk and his followers began preparations for fresh hostilities, and in the spring of 1832 again renewed their depredations. The Governor of the State now issued a call for volunteers to protect the settlers: a company was promptly raised in Menard county, in the formation of which young Lincoln was particularly active; and when an efficient force had been organised, he found himself elected to the post of captain—the first promotion he had ever received by the suffrages of his fellows. The little army set forward on its campaign towards the end of April. In the beginning of May they were reinforced by two battalions of mounted volunteers, who shortly afterwards, in a rash engagement with Black Hawk, were put to the rout and fled in panic, after losing eleven of their number. The hardships of the campaign, which for a long time led to no decisive result, sickened most of the volunteers, who, at the end of the month for which they had enlisted, had to be discharged. Lincoln, whose hardy training fitted him for a soldier's duty, cared nothing for the hardships, and he immediately enrolled himself as a private in a new and larger levy which the Governor called into the field.

There is no necessity for detailing the incidents of the war which followed, and which, like most of the border wars with Indians in America, was remarkable chiefly for the savage cruelties practised by the Red men, and the retribution for them exacted by the settlers. Towards the close of July it was brought to an end by a successful onslaught upon the Indians at the bluffs of the Wisconsin, and the subsequent battle of the Bad Axe, where Black Hawk was taken prisoner with his surviving warriors. This second campaign lasted nearly three months, during which time Lincoln performed his duty admirably, and found real enjoyment in the excitements of a soldier's life. It does not appear, however, that he at any time came personally into contact with the enemy; indeed, he himself declares the contrary in one of his congressional speeches delivered during the canvass of 1848, in which he makes a

humorous reference to his own experiences as a soldier. The speech was in answer to the covert sneers of an opponent who affected in an ironical way to compliment him as a military hero. "By the way, Mr. Speaker," said he in 1848, "did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war, I fought, bled, and came away . . . I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion . . . I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many struggles with the mosquitoes; and though I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

### THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

I.

THE peoples of every clime in every age have evinced a desire to be recognised by some distinctive insignia. Ancient history furnishes ample evidence of the fact. Indeed, we have biblical authority for asserting that long before the advent of the Christian era it was customary for the members of each sept to acknowledge a peculiar device as the emblem of their clanship. Thus in Numbers (chap. ii. verse 1) we read, "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." Æschylus, also, in one of his tragedies, describes, with minute exactness, the designs that were borne by the chiefs who, prior to the Trojan war, besieged Thebes. The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians are known to have used symbolical figures to mark their nationality; the dragon has been the imperial ensign of China from time immemorial; the eagle is identified with the name of Rome; and even the uncultivated Indians tattoo their persons with the same symbols as did the fathers of their tribes.

Flags and banners in the earliest times formed part of the war personnel of every chieftain warrior, and in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, executed by the consort of William the Conqueror, were displayed representations of all the Norman and Saxon military ensigns that were in use in the eleventh century. This piece of royal embroidery is the first known attempt that was made in England at heraldic illustration. In the next two centuries flags became more general, but, being made of very ample dimensions, they were displayed on a species of car, and so conveyed from place to place. In this circumstance originated the name of "car standards," which are often alluded to in history.

It was not until the period of the Crusades that any real advance was made in the art of heraldry. When, however, the soldiers of the West met in the Holy Land with numerous warriors of other nations all clad in armour, it became a matter of policy that every chief should wear some distinctive badge by which he could be recognised. Therefore each baron and knight assumed a distinct device, which, with a little variation, was borne by his followers. Crests were first placed upon the tops of basinet and helmets, then further devices were displayed upon their coats of mail and banners, which insignia were again emblazoned upon the rich surcoats worn by the knights over their armour, and also upon their shields. In this circumstance there is the origin of crests, of shields of armour, and of coats

of armour. During the Crusades the use of flags was strictly defined. In the earlier period the only ensigns used were the portraiture of such then popular personages as St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, and St. John of Beverley. Later, however, the banners were strictly heraldic, and each had its proper signification. The pennon was small in size, and pointed at the end. It was generally fringed with rich gold, and borne immediately below the lance-head of the knight whose personal ensign it was. The devices upon it were the armorial bearings of the owner, which were so displayed that when the weapon was fixed for charging they could be distinctly seen. When a pennon was used that had its points torn off, it indicated that the bearer had been raised on the field of battle to the dignity of a knight-banneret by the king in person. The banner was nearly square, and upon it appeared the coat of arms of the sovereign, prince, baron, or knight-banneret to whom it referred, and which was used by his own retainers and followers, and by all others who, for the time being, were under his command.

In the reign of Henry III the popularity of heraldry greatly increased, and between the years 1272 and 1500 it was treated as a science. It reached its greatest zenith, however, in the reign of Edward III, and during the civil strifes of the Plantagenets it was practically useful. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, heraldry declined, and the heralds of those times meet with but little consideration from those of the present day. Since the commencement of this century, and particularly during the past twenty years, there has been a growing desire to popularise the subject. And this feeling has been greatly increased by the multiplication of those so called "heraldic offices," the proprietors of which offer to find anybody's armorial bearings for a small pecuniary consideration.

Whether or not these "heralds" do their work properly is beyond our province to consider here, though we can assert that they are beginning to make the public to consider as truth the great Lord Justice Coke's remarks that "every gentleman must be *arma gerens*, and the best test of gentle blood is the bearing of arms, which are the most certain proofs and evidences of nobility and gentry." The result is that the love of display has created an additional interest in the subject. Numerous persons have in consequence "found" arms, and thousands use crests to which they have not the remotest right; also being unmindful of the circumstance that by so doing they are liable to be taxed. The cost of engraving arms is, however, so much more than the expense of crests that but comparatively few persons adopt assumptive bearings. A hint to our fair friends here may not be amiss, as we think it well they should know that ladies properly only bear their arms upon a lozenge (in the shape of a diamond), and are not permitted by the laws of heraldry to use crests.

In the present series of papers it is not our intention to give either a history of heraldry, or to describe its technicalities. Our purpose is simply to string together a variety of historical facts and traditions concerning the grants of arms, the origin of mottoes, and cognate subjects. Many of the anecdotes will be found highly entertaining, and cannot fail to show that the study of heraldry is not so dry and uninteresting as is often supposed.

There is no doubt but that in ancient heraldry all insignia were symbolic of some attribute peculiar to the assumer or grantee. Thus, if a man were physically powerful, swift of foot, patient in misfortune, or fierce in demeanour, it is presumed that he selected, as an

emblem of his prowess or peculiarity, an inferior animal, known to be distinguished for the quality desired to be represented. Success in war, or in the chase, also gave rise to a diversity of symbols which would have the requisite signification. If then the head of a family became renowned for honourable superiority, and his excellence was acknowledged by some special badge indicative thereof, it is no wonder that his descendants should wish to perpetuate the achievements of their ancestor. In modern heraldry celebrated naval and military commanders have received grants of arms which minutely set forth their services, but they are of such an elaborate nature that heralds of the old school denounce them as abnormal.

The origin of many crests and coats of arms of a singular character is involved in obscurity, and much matter of historic interest is therefore lost. Traditions of the most romantic character, however, still exist in respect to the armorial insignia of some ancient families. Among these may be mentioned the crest borne by the Fitzgerald family, of which the present Duke of Leinster is the head. It is that of a monkey standing upon its four legs, and environed round the loins with a gold chain. This is said to have had its origin in an incident that befel Thomas, the fifth Earl of Kildare, when he was an infant, A.D. 1261. His father was killed at the battle of Callan; and, on the news arriving at the family seat, all the household became panic-struck, and rushed wildly out of the house, leaving the young earl in his cradle unprotected. During the absence of the servants, a large and favourite ape, or monkey, which was kept upon the premises, stealthily entered the house, removed the child from its cot, and, while in the act of rocking it in its arms in imitation of the nurse's movements, was surprised by a domestic who had returned to watch the infant. The monkey, on finding itself detected, ran away with its precious burden, and, being hotly pursued, escaped to the abbey, the steeple of which it mounted, but still retaining possession of the young earl. The spectators were horrified, and knew not what steps to take to recover the child and to prevent his being killed. For hours they watched, and still the monkey retained his position, grinning at them and rocking the baby. They feared to frighten the animal lest it should drop its charge, and, as a last resource, retired to a distance. When they had dispersed, the monkey, finding the coast clear, descended from its perilous position, leisurely returned home, and deposited in his cradle unhurt the infant earl, who, when he grew up to man's estate, honoured Master Jackey in the manner stated.

The crest borne by the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquess of Abercorn is supposed to have had its origin in a circumstance that occurred to their mutual ancestor, Sir William de Hambleton, A.D. 1325, in which he displayed great presence of mind. The gallant knight having slain in a duel one John de Spenser, fearing that he would not meet with fair justice in England, determined, by flight, to seek safety in Scotland. He was accompanied by a servant who in several ways displayed symptoms of extreme nervousness. The fugitives were for some time hotly pursued, but at last managed to secure shelter in a wood, in which they hoped to avoid detection. While rambling here they found two woodcutters at work. After much parley, and by the offer of a considerable bribe, they induced these men to exchange clothes with them, to lend them their frame-saw, and to leave them for a time by themselves. Scarcely, however, had they donned the rustic habiliments before the emissaries of the law arrived, and interrogated them severely as to whether they had seen aught of the fugitives. They

could tell nothing, and continued their occupation of sawing. The servant, however, lost his composure, and began to display evident signs of trepidation. Sir William, observing this, sternly bade him mind his work, and energetically ordered him to cut "through." The man thus recalled to a sense of his perilous position worked with a right good will, and the officers of justice, not being able to gain any satisfactory information, retraced their steps. On his return to safety, Sir William adopted as his crest an oak tree fructed with gold acorns, and penetrated through the stem transversely by a frame-saw, the blade thereof bearing the word "Through."

The armorial bearings of the Earl of Errol, and even his family name of Hay, are said to have originated from a historical incident. In the reign of Kenneth III of Scotland, A.D. 980, the Danes invaded Perthshire and routed the Scottish troops. The retreat, however, which threatened to be of a most complete nature, was unexpectedly prevented by the intrepidity of an old yeoman and his two sons. These persons, though only armed with yokes, managed, by their bravery and expostulations, to rally the Scotch soldiers and lead them to victory. In the battle the old man was severely wounded; and, on being asked his name, could only incoherently utter the word "Hay." The monarch, as a reward to the victor, gave him substantial pecuniary gifts, and also as much of the royal domain as a falcon, which was then sitting on his hand, should fly over before it alighted. The bird flew six miles, and alighted upon an eminence that is even to the present day styled the "Falconstone." In commemoration of this circumstance, the family of Hay has for centuries past, borne in its armorial bearings, some allusion to the prowess of its rustic ancestor. There are several branches of the family, but the one whose arms are now charged with the greatest number of references to the historical incident is Sir John C. D. Hay, M.P. for Stamford. In the second and third quarters, with other charges, he bears a yoke, and each of his two crests are symbolic. The first is a rock, over which is the motto "Firm;" the second being a falcon rising. The supporters are two men in country habits, the dexter one holding in his hand a ploughshare, and the sinister holding an ox-yoke; while the motto is "Serva jugum" (Preserve the yoke).

The crest borne by the Stanley family, the head of which is the Earl of Derby, is most peculiar, viz., an eagle with wings extended, preying upon a child swaddled in a cradle, placed upon a *chapeau*. There are two versions as to the origin of this device. One is that the head of the Lathom family (from whom Earl Derby is maternally descended), wishing to get rid of a natural child, caused it to be placed in an eagle's nest. The bird, however, instead of killing the infant fed it, a circumstance which so affected the father that he brought up the boy as his acknowledged heir. The other tradition is that, in the reign of Edward III, one Sir Thomas Lathom, having an only daughter, desired an heir; and, having a natural son by one Mary Oskatel, he determined to acknowledge the child. To give a colourable pretext for introducing the boy into his family, he directed that it should be laid at the foot of a rock, where an eagle had built its nest. He then, in company with other persons, went to the locality of the rock, and pretended that he had accidentally discovered the infant. His wife adopted the child, who was subsequently known as Sir Oskatel Lathom. Before his death, however, Sir Thomas revealed the fraud, and left the bulk of his property to his daughter, the wife of Sir John Stanley, whose descendants altered the Lathom crest of an eagle regardant to that previously described.

A bull's scalp, which is the crest of the Cheney family, owes its origin to a peculiar action that is stated to have been performed by an ancestor. Sir John Cheney, an eminent soldier fighting under the banner of Henry of Richmond, at Bosworth, personally encountered King Richard, and was felled to the ground by that monarch, who also laid open the knight's helmet and knocked off the crest. For some time Sir John lay upon the ground stunned and uncared-for. Recovering himself, however, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his own head to supply the loss of his helmet. Thus equipped, he returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service that, on being proclaimed king, Henry assigned to his faithful follower the crest since borne by his descendants.

For services of loyalty not performed on the battlefield many instances of grants of arms are extant. For instance, the Boycotts of Salop bear for their arms three grenades, and for a crest an armed arm casting a grenado. These were assigned by Charles II to Sylvanus Boycott, of Hinton, and his brother Francis, for having manifested their loyalty to his Majesty by sundry services in the times of his great distresses, in the same manner as their father had done to Charles I, by furnishing the army and garrisons with great shot, grenades, and other habiliments of war, and for their prudent deportment in sundry employments of trust, which deserved worthily of their prince and their country. The same monarch, who is not celebrated for acknowledging the claims of his adherents, also granted to Colonel Carlos the following arms, viz., an oak tree on a gold mount, and over these, on a red fesse (or band across the shield), three gold regal crowns, in recognition of the valuable services rendered in assisting him to preserve his life in the celebrated Royal Oak, and facilitating his escape at the battle of Worcester.

Among the curiosities of heraldry may be mentioned the crest borne by the Greenhill family, viz., a red demi-griffin, powdered with thirty-nine mullets (or stars of five pounds) which was granted in 1698 to a Mr. Greenhill, in commemoration of his being the thirty-ninth child of one father and mother. In future papers we shall return to the subject, as one not only of romantic incident but of historical interest.

## AMONG THE LAPPS.

### II.

AFTER various wanderings, we descended from the Fille Fjeld, and experienced the feelings which the new, the grand, the beautiful in nature can awaken, as we entered into those deep gorges which lead to the Sogne Fjord. This scenery was quite a contrast to the barren plateau of mountain, and even to the wider views of Southern Norway, with its dashing rivers and expanse of dusky firs. Colossal mountains hem in a narrow valley, which at last terminates in the fjord, or inland arm of the sea. It was the middle of June when we arrived at Leirdalsoren. There, from some cause or other, we had an altercation with our postboys in the streets, they doubtless presuming on our ignorance of the *skyds* law, and we on our part expressing the wrong idea with the wrong word. However, a gentleman passed by, and, seeing that we were English, interposed, solved the difficulty, and saw us comfortably settled in the inn. We asked our friend to tea, and obtained much interesting information from him. He informed us that he had a brother who was pastor among the Lapps up in Finmarken, and

who had been nearly murdered, owing to some religious outbreak which had taken place the year before. We were interested in the details, especially as we felt the romance attaching to the unknown; and, as our friend showed his confidence in our national character by a considerable loan to help us on our way to Bergen, we entertained, therefore, a grateful recollection of his services, his loan, and his information. As yet, the class of English who visit Norway for the most part are gentlemen; but we regret to have heard of instances of Englishmen not paying, and thus bringing disgrace on our national character, which stands high in Norway.

Three years afterwards I was travelling with the same two college friends up to the very north of Norway, in the coast steamer, and, as an election for the Storthing was going to take place at Hammerfest, we began to get very crowded after leaving Tromsø, for the voters had to go to Hammerfest to vote personally. The member selected was an Englishman, who had long lived at Kaafjord, and had been naturalized, but who was the first instance of an Englishman being returned to sit in the Storthing. Amongst other names, I heard that of Pastor Vosslef; and I thought, "Surely that was the name of the gentleman we met three years ago in the Sogne Fjord."

Awaiting an opportunity, I addressed the *prest*: "I believe your name is Vosslef; and, if so, I should be glad to know if you are brother to Herr Vosslef, who told us he had a brother who was *prest* in Finmarken."

"Undoubtedly that is my brother," he replied, in good English. "Did you meet him accidentally in your wanderings?"

"We did; and we are bound to entertain a grateful memory of him, for he was a good Samaritan to us in more ways than one, even to the practical lending us a handsome sum until we could reach our resources at Bergen. But he mentioned to us your adventure with the Lapps; are you the one to whom he alluded as having undergone that fearful ordeal?"

"Yes, I am the one. God be thanked we have survived it! I shall be happy to relate it to you briefly if you care to hear it."

"My parish," he began, "is at Kautskeino, a place now and then visited by English travellers, distant sixteen Norwegian miles from Alten. There are generally a great many Lapps in that neighbourhood who fit on the borders of Sweden, or Norway, as the weather guides, the quantity of moss, or the state of the reindeer. Now, over the frontier in Sweden was a clergyman, by name Lestadius. This gentleman seemed more fitted for the Mosaic than for the Christian economy, from the austerity of his manners, and he used to preach very violent and exciting sermons. I need not tell you what is one of the prevailing sins of the Lapps."

"No; I have read of it in books, and perhaps saw glimpses of it when I visited some Lapps three years ago near Røraas. It is a sin which is a national disgrace to Englishmen as well as Laplanders—that sin of drunkenness."

The love of brandy is a great curse to these Arctic "Bushmen;" and, at marriages, fairs, or holiday-making, their reason returns only when the brandy is finished and the intoxication slept off; for, as long as there is any "Finkel," men and women, young and old, vie with each other in getting drunk, and are more like beasts than human creatures.

"Well, then, there was a great deal of drunkenness in his parish among the Lapps, and he was anxious to put down the evil to the best of his ability, and he suc-

ceeded in effecting a considerable outward reformation; but, with this reformation in manners, a great degree of spiritual pride and fanaticism was associated. The converts were urged to become preachers and apostles, whereupon they preached with the greatest violence, urging upon all the necessity of repentance. The contagion spread until it reached the Finns in the Norwegian territory, many of whom also became very fanatical. This was shown more and more by their behaviour. They began to treat their clergy and their superiors with marked insolence—to interrupt the service with howlings and other disturbances, so that broils during Divine service were of frequent occurrence."

"They forgot," I remarked, as the narrator paused, "that whatever may be our judgment as to the truth we hold, or the errors of our neighbours, the wrath of man can never work the righteousness of God."

"I remember well," continued the Norwegian pastor, "how once, in the middle of the service, one of them advanced towards the altar, and from thence cursed the officiating minister and denounced him as a traitor, and a wolf in sheep's clothing, whereupon a scene of great uproar ensued."

"Things went on getting worse and worse, until one morning our servant came running in to us in breathless haste to say that Lapps from the adjoining camp were coming, armed with weapons and intending to fight. They took us quite by surprise; they made an attack on the village, killing two persons, a tradesman and a policeman, and destroying property on all sides. A body of them attacked the parsonage; our resistance was hopeless: the windows were broken, the furniture was smashed, and they made me a prisoner, and, having bound me on the floor, I was, I may say, in immediate expectation of death. They then formed rods of birch boughs and commenced flogging me, which they continued to do more or less the whole day, until my flesh was raw and bleeding, and the room covered with the broken twigs. The only trait of humanity which I am glad to record is that they did not molest my wife, nor actually ill-treat her, on whose account I was in terrible suspense as she was on the eve of her confinement. In this way the miserable day dragged its slow length along; we were comparatively alone in these upland wilds, at the mercy of these fanatics, but one remove from savages; yet, nevertheless, under the protection of God. One of our peasants had made his escape early in the morning, and had gone to a neighbouring settlement to bring succour. But it was not until nightfall that the joyful shout announced that help was at hand. The pillagers hearing the noise, and suspecting that vengeance would ensue, left beating the prisoners and rallied for battle. An indiscriminate *mêlée* then began, which lasted for more than an hour, at the end of which the rioters had lost two or three killed, and several wounded, while the rest were overpowered and secured. In due time they were taken down the valley and tried on the charge of insurrection and murder; one of them was executed, and the rest sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour—some for life, others for a term of years."

"Your brother did not exaggerate when he told me in '53 that you had been nearly murdered by the Lapps in Finmarken, but I little expected to have the pleasure of meeting you and hearing the narrative from your own lips. As regards their views, did you learn any details, so as to be able to refer their conduct to any class of phenomena such as fallen, and especially fanatical, human nature from time to time presents?"

"I fear their character is described in 2 Peter ii. 10," continued he, referring to his Bible: "'But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.'

"They, like the Anabaptists in Germany, were great adepts at quoting the Old Testament to suit their purposes, and to veil the self-righteous pride of their own bigotry. They forgot that religion must begin in the heart, and subdue every disposition to the law of Christ; that a humble and holy love, and a chastened will, are the brightest fruits of true godliness. They were satisfied with washing the outside of the cup and the platter, laying an undue emphasis on external reformation, as seen in their enforced temperance. Upon this an extraordinary, not to say absurd amount of spiritual pride and egotism developed itself, which, under circumstances less painful, would border on the ludicrous. They assumed to themselves a power in heaven and earth; they declared that they had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, direct from heaven; they were the sons of God, and therefore could sin no more; and I remember that when I was lying bound on the floor, between every stripe of their flogging they asked me, 'Are we the sons of God? Have we the Holy Ghost? Can we sin? Do you admit we are right?' To which I replied that their conduct did not afford any evidence of the truth of their tenets, if it was to be judged by its results and fruits. They then renewed their attack with redoubled vigour, shouting out these questions with a demoniacal wildness. Their further assertion was but a natural step in the path of self-delusion and arrogance. They declared that, having received the Holy Ghost from heaven, they were above the written Word of God, and did not need the Scripture, which they now both disregarded and despised. They paid great attention to the feelings, by which I mean the transient emotions which arise from heated brains and misguided impulses. They said that you must have a personal assurance from Christ himself, or an angel from heaven, of the forgiveness of your sin; and that you must have been present, in body and soul, both in heaven and hell. Those persons who could respond to the above tests of experience were acknowledged as brothers, while the moderate and sincere were branded as heretics and wicked sinners, worthy of vengeance and destruction. Many persons were, from their great fury and perseverance, frightened into compliance with their creed, lest they should have become objects for their vials of wrath."

"Thank you much for your narrative," I replied. "We know that history often reproduces itself in facts of this kind, and that as human nature, so far as its sinfulness goes, is the same everywhere, so its developments under parallel circumstances are often analogous. The setting oneself up above the written Word of God is one of the usual developments of spiritual pride and misguided fanaticism. But I suppose we shall soon reach Hammarfest, where perhaps we shall separate for ever. If so, may the bonds of the Gospel unite us to the great living Head of the Church, that we may meet with joy on the final day of the world's history."

Thus we parted with Pastor Vosslef.

#### ABYSSINIAN NOTES.

DR. BLANC'S DIARY.

In the "Times of India" has been published a long diary, written by Dr. Blanc, formerly resident surgeon at Massowah, one of the captives of King Theodore.

Like the journal of Mr. Rosenthal, printed in our January part, Dr. Blanc's manuscript is described as a marvel of neatness, exhibiting the utmost patience and care. Paper and ink being scarce at Magdala, the most has been made of a little space, and the writing is close and compressed. We may add that the Abyssinian ink is such that care had to be taken lest it should be rubbed off the paper.

Dr. Blanc's narrative gives an account of the first reception by the King, strangely contrasting with the subsequent treatment of the prisoners.

In a valley between the hills a large body of cavalry, about 20,000 strong, formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, and all bearing the silver shield and the Bitwa, the horses adorned with richly-plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, etc.; all were mounted, some on really noble-looking animals, tribute from the plateaux of Gedjars and the highlands of Shoa. On the left, the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact than its aristocratic *vis-à-vis*. The horses, though on the whole, perhaps, less graceful, were strong and in good condition, and seeing their iron ranks we could well understand how thunder-stricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodoros, at the head of the well-armed and well-mounted band of ruthless followers, suddenly appears among their peaceful homes, and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone. In the centre, opposite to us, stood Ras Engeddah, the prime minister, distinguished from all by his gentlemanly appearance and the great simplicity of his attire. Bareheaded, the shama girded in token of respect, he delivered the imperial message of welcome, translated into Arabic by Samuel, who stood by him, and whose finely-chiselled features and intellectual countenance at once proclaimed his superiority over the ignorant Abyssinian. Compliments delivered, Ras and ourselves mounted, and advanced towards the imperial tents, preceded by the body of mounted grandees, and followed by the cavalry. Arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismounted, and were conducted to a small red flannel tent pitched for our reception on the ascent itself. There we rested for a while, and partook of a slight collation. Towards three o'clock we were informed that the Emperor would receive us; we ascended the hill on foot, escorted by Samuel and several other officers of the imperial household. As soon as we reached the small plateau on the summit, an officer brought us renewed greetings and compliments from his Majesty. We advanced slowly towards the beautiful durbar-tent of red and yellow silk, between a double line of gunners, who, on a signal, fired a salute very creditable to their untaught skill. Arrived at the entrance of the tent, the Emperor again inquired after our health and welfare. Having acknowledged with due respect his courteous inquiries, we advanced towards the throne and delivered into his hands the letter from her Majesty the Queen. The Emperor received it civilly, and told us to sit down on the splendid carpets that covered the ground. The Emperor was seated on an alga, wrapt up to the eyes in a shama—the sign of greatness and of power in Abyssinia. On his right and left stood four of his principal officers, clad in rich and gay silks, and behind him watched one of his trusty familiars holding a double-barrelled pistol in each hand. The king made a few complaints about the European prisoners, and regretted that by their conduct they had interrupted the friendship formerly existing between the two nations. He was happy to see us, and hoped that all would be well again. After a few compliments had been exchanged, on the plea that we must be tired, having come so far, we were allowed to depart.

This was towards the end of January 1867. They travelled with the king, halting at various places, till the captives, whose freedom they had come to ask, were sent for. They arrived on the 16th of March at Zagay.

On the 17th we received a message from his Majesty, telling us to go to him, as he desired to try before us the Europeans who had, he said, formerly insulted him. As soon as we approached, his Majesty rose and saluted us—received us, in short, as if we were still his honoured guests, and not the heralds from a great Power he had recently so grossly insulted. We were told to sit down. A few minutes of silence followed, and we saw advancing from an outer gate our countrymen, guarded as criminals, and chained two by two. They were

arranged in a line in front of his Majesty, who, after observing them for a few seconds, "kindly" inquired after their health, and how they had spent their time. The captives acknowledged these compliments by repeatedly kissing the ground before the King, who all the time grinned in delight at the sight of the misery and humiliation of his victims. The Emperor's pedigree was first read; from Adam to David all went on smoothly enough; from Solomon's supposed son Messilek to Socinius few names were given, but perhaps they were patriarchs in their own way; but when it came to Theodorus's father and mother the difficulty increased—indeed, became serious; many witnesses were brought forward to testify to their royal descent, and even the opinion of the puppet Emperor Saharius was recorded in favour of Theodorus's legal right to the throne of his ancestors. After that the trial of the captives began. These unfortunate and injured men answered with all humility and meekness, and endeavoured by so doing to avert the wrath of the wretch in whose power they were. Their trial ended, we were called forward, and, in conclusion, his Majesty said, addressing himself to us, "Wherever I go, you will go; wherever I stay, you will stay." On that we were dismissed to our tents, and Captain Cameron was allowed to accompany us. The other Europeans, still in chains, were sent to another part of the camp, where several weeks before a fence, had been erected, no one knew why. The following day we were again called before his Majesty, but this time it was quite a private affair. The prisoners were brought in; the Emperor bowed his head to the ground, and begged their pardon; they asked for his. The reconciliation effected, the Emperor dictated a letter for our Queen, and Mr. Flad was selected to convey it. The audience over, the prisoners were brought to our tents and their chains opened. We then all had our tents pitched into a large enclosure fenced that very morning, under his Majesty's supervision. We were once more all mixed, but this time all prisoners. Flad left: we expected that his mission would be successful, and that England, disgusted with so much treachery, would not condescend to treat further, but enforce her commands.

As the summer wore on, the king again commenced to illtreat his guests. He had heard, or pretended to have heard, that the Turks were making a railway in the Soudan, to attack his country along with the English. He was angry with Mr. Rassam for not having told him of this.

On the 3rd of July an official brought us the Imperial compliments, and stated that his Majesty was coming to inspect the works, and that I might present myself before him. I went at once to the foundry, and on the road I met two of the Gaffat workmen also proceeding there. A little incident then occurred, which was followed by serious consequences. We met his Majesty near the foundry, riding ahead of his escort; he asked us how we were; and we all bowed and took off our hats. As he passed along, the two Europeans with whom I walked covered themselves, but, aware how touchy his Majesty was on all points of etiquette, I kept my head uncovered, though the sun was hot and fierce. Arrived at the foundry, his Majesty again greeted me cordially; examined for a few minutes the drawing of a gun his workmen proposed to cast for him, and then left, all of us following. In the courtyard he passed close to Mr. Rosenthal, who did not bow, as his Majesty took no notice of him. As soon as he issued from the foundry fence a poor old beggar asked for alms, saying, "My lords (gaitosh) the Europeans have always been kind to me; oh! my King, you also relieve my distress!" His Majesty on hearing the expression "lord" applied to his workmen got into a fearful passion. "How dare you call any one 'lord' but myself? beat him, beat him by my death." Two of the executioners at once rushed upon him, and began beating him with their long sticks, his Majesty all the while exclaiming, "Beat him, beat him by my death." The poor old cripple at first, in heartrending terms, implored for mercy, but his voice grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes more there lay his helpless corpse, that none dare remove or pray for. The laughing hyenas that night caroused undisturbed on his abandoned remains. Theodorus's rage was by no means abated by this act of cruelty; he advanced a few steps, stopped, turned his lance in its rest, looking around, the very image of ungovernable fury. His eyes fell upon Mr. Rosenthal—"Seize him!" cried he. Immediately several soldiers rushed forward to obey the imperial command, "Seize the man they call an akim." Instantly a dozen ruffians pounced upon me, and I was held fast by the arms, coat, trousers—by every place that afforded a grip.

He then addressed himself to Mr. Rosenthal: "You donkey, why did you call me the son of a poor woman? Why did you abuse me?" Mr. Rosenthal said, "If I have offended your Majesty, I beg for pardon." All the while his Majesty was shaking his lance in a threatening manner, and every minute I expected that he would throw it. Fortunately for us both he turned towards his European workmen, and abused them in no measured terms: "You slaves! have I not bought you with money? Who are you that you dare call yourselves 'lords'? Take care!" Then, addressing the two I had met on the road, he said: "You are proud, are you? Slaves! women! rotten donkeys! you cover your head in my presence; did you not see me? Did not the akim keep his head uncovered? Poor men that I have made rich!" He then turned towards me, and, seeing me held by a dozen soldiers, he cried out, "Let him go. Bring him before me." All drew back except one, who conducted me to a few feet from the Emperor. He then told Mr. Schange to translate what he was going to say: "You, akim, are my friend. I have nothing against you, but others have abused me, and you must come up with me to witness their trial." He then ordered Cantiba Hailo to give me his mule. He then mounted, I and Mr. Rosenthal following, the latter on foot, dragged the whole way by the soldiers who had first seized him. As soon as we reached Debra Tabor the King sent word to Mr. Rassam to come out with the other Europeans, as he had something to tell him. The King sat upon a rock about twenty yards in front of us; between him and ourselves stood a few of his high officers, and behind us a deep line of soldiers. He was still angry, breaking the edges of the rock with the butt-end of his lance, and spitting constantly between his words. He at once addressed himself to the Rev. Mr. Stern, and asked him, "Was it as a Christian, a heathen, or a Jew, that you abused me? Tell me where you find in the Bible that a Christian ought to abuse? When you wrote your book, by whose authority did you do it? Those who abused me to you, were they my enemies or yours? Who was it told you evil things concerning me?" etc. He then asked Mr. Rassam whether he knew or not that Jerusalem belonged to him, and the Abyssinian convent there had been seized by the Turks; that, being a descendant of Constantine and Alexander the Great, India and Arabia belonged to him? He put many foolish questions, and of the same kind. At last he said to Samuel, who was interpreting, "What have you to say if I chain your friends?" "Nothing," replied Samuel; "are you not the master?" Chains had been brought, but the answer somewhat pacified him. He then addressed one of his chiefs, saying, "Can you watch these people in the tent?" The other, who knew his answer, replied, "Your Majesty, the house would be better." On that he gave orders for our baggage to be conveyed from the black tent to a house contiguous to his own; and we were told to go.

The King sent us several messages. Mr. Rassam took advantage of the circumstance to complain bitterly of the unfair treatment inflicted upon us. His Majesty sent back word: "If I treat you well or not, it is the same; my enemies will always say that I have ill-treated you, so it does not matter." A little later we were rather startled by a message from his Majesty informing us that he could not rest before comforting his friend, and that he would come and see us. Amongst other things, he said, "My father was mad, and though people often say that I am mad also, I never would believe it; but now I know it is true." Mr. Rassam answered, "Pray do not say such a thing." His Majesty replied, "Yes, yes, I am mad!" Shortly before leaving he said, "Do not look at my face or take heed of my words when I speak to you before my people, but look at my heart; I have an object." As he returned he gave orders to the guards to withdraw outside, and not to inconvenience us. Though we have seen him since then once or twice, at a distance, it is the last time we conversed with him.

Theodorus is described as "about forty-eight years of age, darker than many of his countrymen; his black eyes are slightly depressed, the nose straight, the mouth large, the lips small; he is well knit, a splendid horseman, excels in the use of the spear, and on foot will tire his hardest followers. When in good humour the expression of his face is pleasing, his smile attractive, his manners courteous, really kingly; but when in anger his aspect is frightful, his black face acquires an ashy hue, his eyes are blood-shot and fierce, and his whole deportment is that of savage and ungovernable fury."

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